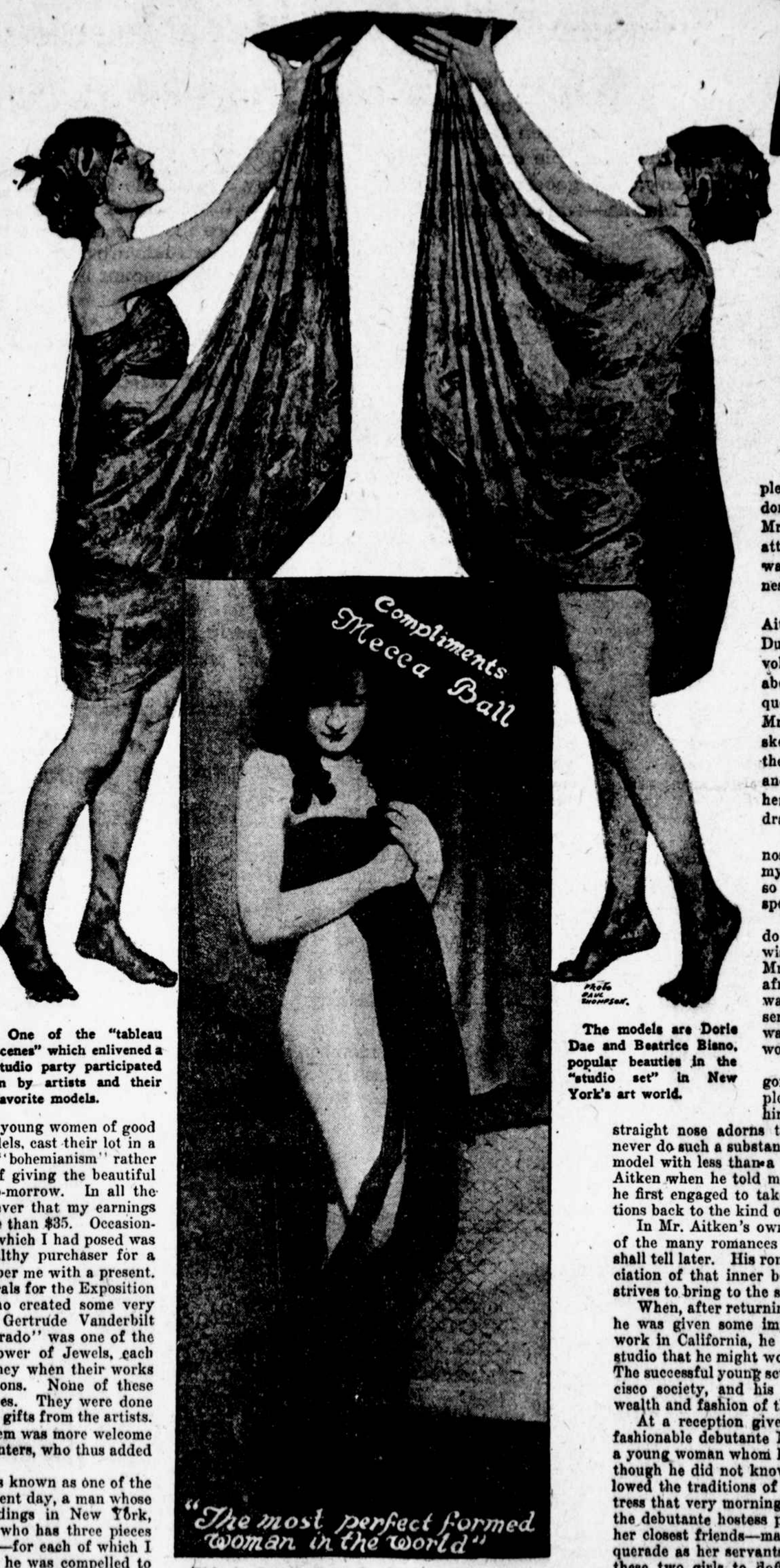
...e Artists' Studios"

...e Secrets of Studio Life Revealed by ...t Famous of American Models, Whose ...s of ... Painting

...roups of statuary at the Pan- ... face and figure of Audrey ...e passing multitude or adorn ...t.

... and breadth of the United ...s, private galleries, town and ...uildings, fountains, churches, ... parks and private lawns and ... all American artists' models

...tten the story of her life, the ...nd the scenes in the studios, ... inspiration of many master- ...e art collections, the strange ... of the artists—and the dis- ...etty models who lacked moral ... from the perils of the inti- ... studios. Audrey Munson's ...d from week to week on this



This is the photograph of which Miss Marian Hurley said to the judge:

"I was told to have my picture taken wearing the costume in which I was to dance at 'Mecca Ball,' these pictures to be given away as souvenirs."

Aphrodite in the oyster shell the shell was not a part of the lady's costume, but was a part of the stage setting, the environment, the properties of the scenery."

Nevertheless, the Judge shook his head and ruled in favor of Mr. Karten, taking the ground that just as Eve's fig leaf is an essential and inseparable part of her costume, so also the oyster shell, under the circumstances, was an essential part of that which Miss Hurley should have provided. But the end is not yet, because Miss Hurley's counsel has appealed from this decision and started a new suit in a higher court in which it is Lawyer Hess's intention to summon a dozen of the best authorities in New York to settle once and for all whether an oyster shell is a part of Aphrodite's costume as they all agree the fig leaf unquestionably is an essential part of the costume of Mother Eve.

One of the "tableau scenes" which enlivened a studio party participated in by artists and their favorite models.

The models are Dorie Dae and Beatrice Biano, popular beauties in the "studio set" in New York's art world.

I always have felt sorry for the young women of good figure who, aspiring to become models, cast their lot in a society of artists who strive only for "bohemianism" rather than fame and the consciousness of giving the beautiful of to-day to the generations of to-morrow. In all the days of my posing it was hardly ever that my earnings for a whole week amounted to more than $35. Occasionally, when a statue or painting for which I had posed was sold at an exhibition to some wealthy purchaser for a large price, the artist would remember me with a present. Mr. Dodge, who did most of the murals for the Exposition at San Francisco; Mr. Tenetti, who created some very beautiful statues from me; Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, whose "Fountain of Eldorado" was one of the most striking ornaments to the Tower of Jewels, each made me handsome presents of money when their works were pronounced marvelous creations. None of these beautiful things brought large prices. They were done for the Exposition, and were, almost, gifts from the artists. But the high consideration given them was more welcome than money to the sculptors and painters, who thus added to the beauty of the great Fair.

I might mention one artist who is known as one of the foremost of the sculptors of the present day, a man whose works decorate many public buildings in New York, Washington and Philadelphia, and who has three pieces in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—for each of which I was his model. Just the other day he was compelled to sell a bronze, "The Swan Girl," which has been exhibited in almost all the great cities in the United States, for $200 to pay the rent of his studio. He does but one or two statues a year—and each embodies some expression of his own soul. He would refuse to do a work for the mere money it might bring him.

When Robert W. Aitken, the distinguished American sculptor, was seeking a model for the souvenir dollar issued by the United States Government in connection with the World's Fair at San Francisco, he asked me to pose for him—just a profile of the face. I was busy at that time posing for Alfred Jaeger, of whom I shall tell about later, and could not spare him the time.

At that time nearly all our great sculptors and painters were busy at work for the Fair. Each was using the services of a model. Models were very scarce, and Mr. Aitken was compelled to try a young woman who was recommended by an acquaintance who painted. The young woman proved to be a girl who was well known in the "studio set." She had an excellent figure for costumers and the creators of "girl studies." Also she had aspirations to the stage. She was accustomed to the familiarities of a certain kind of studio, and thought Mr. Aitken, Academician, holder of a score of national medals and an exhibitor in almost every famous foreign museum, would be the same sort of person as the designer of a cover for a weekly magazine.

When Mr. Aitken asked her to dress her hair after the Greek fashion she asked him, "How did the Greeks do it?"—she'd never been to a Greek hairdresser. Mr. Aitken partly explained, and brought out some photographs of ancient Grecian costumes and headdresses. "Oh, my, aren't they funny!" the girl exclaimed. "Surely you don't want me to look so dowdy? I'm sure modern people wouldn't think a head of hair done like that would be pretty?" Mr. Aitken assured her he was not attempting to achieve prettiness, but wanted sedateness and impressiveness.

An amusing tableau in a typical New York studio party. The card players are Miss Blanche Ange and Miss Greta Hoving, artists' models.

With her hair arranged by Mr. Aitken himself, a sketch was begun. During the posing the girl chattered volubly about herself, especially about her ambition to be a cabaret queen and have a limousine. When Mr Aitken finished his preliminary sketch and dismissed the model for the day she glanced at the sketch and was greatly concerned because her retrousse nose was not faithfully drawn.

"All the best artists declare my nose is one of the best features of my face," she said. "They say it is so bewitching. And you have spoiled it by making it straight."

"A retrousse nose, my girl, would do very well in a cabaret and otherwise is a possession to be proud of," Mr Aitken said suavely, "but I am afraid the Government would hardly want anything so delightful represented on its coins. People might want to keep the coins to look at and wouldn't accept any others."

When this young woman had gone Mr. Aitken sent me a telegram, pleading that I pose evenings for him, which I did. And my perfectly straight nose adorns the Columbian dollar. "I could never do such a substantial thing as a silver dollar from a model with less than a cent's worth of brains," said Mr. Aitken when he told me of his telling the young woman he first engaged to take her nose and her cabaret ambitions back to the kind of studios that value them

In Mr. Aitken's own life there is one of the prettiest of the many romances of the studios—some of which I shall tell later. His romance grew out of his quick appreciation of that inner beauty which, in all his works, he strives to bring to the surface of his marbles and bronzes.

When, after returning from his first successes in Paris, he was given some important commissions for museum work in California, he went to San Francisco to open a studio that he might work in the atmosphere of the West. The successful young sculptor was welcomed by San Francisco society, and his studio became popular with the wealth and fashion of the Pacific Coast city.

At a reception given in his honor at the home of a fashionable debutante Mr. Aitken was served his tea by a young woman whom he mistook for a house maid Although he did not know it, the real house maid had followed the traditions of her calling and had left her mistress that very morning without notice. In her dilemma the debutante hostess pressed into service one or two of her closest friends—making it a lark to have them masquerade as her servants. It was planned, of course, for these two girls to doff their aprons after the tea was served and make merry over the joke.

But when Mr. Aitken cast a hasty second glance at the girl who put his tea so daintily before him and said quickly to the young woman nearest him, "A mighty interesting young woman, your maid here. She is French, is she not?" the plan to drop the aprons was discarded, as the young women assembled thought it would be more fun to continue the deception.

The "maid" served Mr. Aitken again, each time dropping a very house maidish cutsey Every girl present saw that Mr. Aitken was more interested in the "maid" than in his tea or the other amenities of the reception. They were romantic young women, as most San Francisco young women are, and there was much suppressed glee when Mr. Aitken did all the most sentimental of them could expect. He asked his hostess if he might not invite her "maid" to visit him at his studio and sit for a study of her head and shoulders. The hostess, after hasty consultation with the "maid," gave her consent.

The next afternoon the demure little "maid" appeared at the studio door, duly chaperoned by her supposed "mistress." Mr Aitken expressed his gratitude for the promptness of the response to his request, and, losing no time, asked his new model to take position on the posing stand. From that moment the important commissions he was executing for wealthy Californians were forgotten. He put aside everything but the bust he was doing in marble of the "house maid" of his former hostess.

"There is something within her—something in her soul that shines in her eyes and seeks expression in every contour of her face, even in the poise of her head on her shoulders," the sculptor confided to his friends, "something I want to catch. And if I succeed it will be the best thing I have ever done."

Two weeks went by. Mr Aitken gave up all his social engagements and won from the "mistress" her consent that the "maid" might come each morning and pose throughout the day, with whatever rest periods she wanted. And the "maid," much to the romantic zest of her intimates, agreed to this and was just as eager for each day's posing and its consequent nearness to the sculptor as was the artist.

One afternoon Mr. Aitken suddenly dropped his chisel and brought a deep flush to the cheeks of his model by saying, almost off-hand, "Do you know, Miss de Ligny, I think I shall have to ask you to marry me. I shall soon finish this bust, and I shall be quite forlorn at not having you close to me. Would I be taking advantage of your marvelous beauty of self and soul if I should ask you to give them to me exclusively?"

And Miss de Ligny, who was the daughter of one of the noble families of France, and who was in San Francisco in advance of a visit by her parents, who were coming there for her, assured him he would be taking no advantage, and that she was quite willing to agree—if he really wanted her, a "serving maid," to be his wife.

Mr Aitken was for a romantic elopement at once. Miss de Ligny then confessed the hoax that had been played on him, and made it plain that her parents must be asked. When the parents arrived they frowned upon the engagement and promptly packed their daughter off to her native France. They were proud, they said, to have the famous sculptor as a son-in-law, but their daughter was French, and there were family reasons for a match among her own people.

The sculptor followed the family to France—vowed even that he would become a Frenchman if necessary. He finally won the consent he sought. The bust of Laure de Ligny—now Mrs. Robert Aitken—stands in The Luxembourg, at Paris, one of the masterpieces in that great institution.

Mrs. Aitken often declared her married life happy beyond words. How differently, though, does Mrs. Beverly Towles, whose husband is one of the best known painters, speak of married life with a "temperamental" artist! Mr. Towles makes many paintings a year, and maintains a large studio. He is socially popular, and his studio is the scene of many quiet entertainments.

Here is what Mrs. Towles said recently in explaining her disappointments as the wife of a painter:

"The woman who marries an artist is teaming right up with woe. I found it out soon after I got married. I am a patient woman. But I have been married fifteen years. Canvas and conventions do not mix. As a husband my man led a model life. But there were too many models. Most of the time my husband lived as if he were not married at all—that is, to me.

"My advice to women?

"Marry a plumber or a steamfitter. Become the wife of a doctor, a lawyer or a school teacher.

"But don't walk down the aisle with an artist."

Mrs. Towles asked the courts for a separation from her brilliant husband. She stated in her sworn affidavits that because he was always seeking feminine beauty as an inspiration he became so accustomed to other women he ceased to value her. She exhibited to the court sketches made by him of her own maid in scanty attire. Her husband declared, she said, that the maid was beautiful in proportions and not to be neglected as a model just because she was a servant in his own house. There are many artists' wives who have been disappointed, like Mrs. Towles, but just as many who are as happy as Mrs. Aitken.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)